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## EXETER HALL.

MIDLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Oct. 5, "THE MESSIAH." Oct. 20, "THE CREATION."

Dec. 7, "HYMN OF PRAISE."

Dec. 15. GRAND SELECTIONS OF SACRED, SECULAR, OPERATIC, INSTRUMENTAL AND CHORAL MUSIC.

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President—The Right Hon. the EARL OF DUDLEY.  
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The MICHAELMAS TERM COMMENCED ON MONDAY, September the 20th, 1869.

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## BURLISQUE.

In speaking lately of the poverty of invention under which the modern stage languishes, we ought to have excepted one class of dramatic compositions, which are produced with inexhaustible fertility. The elements of a successful burlesque are happily always to be had for money. Take any slight story, and, if possible, let it be one that is generally known. A young prince, who may be played by a pretty girl, is indispensable; and there must be a princess to be made love to by the prince, who must of course be played by another pretty girl. Then there will be an emperor or king, and a lord chamberlain or some other high officer of state, and usually there will be demons or fairies, or some sort of supernatural machinery. The songs and choruses must introduce a few well-known airs. But the great attraction of almost all these entertainments is the dancing, which of course is, or can be made, appropriate to any scene of any play. It is perhaps wonderful that performers of both sexes should contribute equally to the success of the most popular parts of these burlesques, as they appear to do. The influence of female grace and beauty is indisputable, but the pleasure which the majority of spectators derive from the antics of the male performers of grotesque dances is difficult to understand. There is, however, a much more wonderful and equally indispensable feature of all these plays—we mean the puns with which the dialogue is interspersed. Nobody cares much for the dialogue, and nobody cares at all for the puns, and yet they are as inevitable as the boots and silk stockings of the young lady who performs the prince. There seems to be a sort of rivalry among burlesque dramatists in doing as strange things with words as some of their characters do with legs and arms. After much research we think that we have discovered an original feature of current dramatic literature in this inexorable necessity for violent and outrageous punning. It is highly creditable to the dramatists that they should take all this trouble to satisfy an exigency which has been created nobody can tell how. They labour for the love of art, or what they suppose to be art, alone; for we cannot believe that, if all the puns were to be left out of one of these burlesques, it would be in the smallest degree less successful. The emotion which these verbal intricacies excite is at most the same which is felt when a contortionist ties his limbs into a knot. We vaguely wonder how the author contrived to write it, and still more how he brought himself to publish it. We must remember, however, that the composers of these entertainments are pleased to call themselves dramatic authors, and they probably desire to do something which may appear to deserve the name. If it were once admitted that the success of a burlesque depended solely upon the introduction and arrangement of pretty faces and graceful figures, it would be difficult to claim for such a composition any place in literature. But in truth the credit of such a success belongs first and chiefly to nature, whose gifts the young ladies who perform in it display with delightful prodigality; and secondly, and in about equal proportions, to the teachers of the arts and the purveyors of the dresses which give variety and finish to this display. The dramatic author, feeling himself in the uncomfortable position of fifth wheel of the coach, labours assiduously at the manufacture of what it pleases him to believe are jokes, in order to keep up the illusion that he is contributing to the progress of the vehicle. It would be an extravagant and unjustifiable violation of truth to say that he does much more than any little boy who takes a fancy to push behind. The maker of the boots in which the young prince walks the stage does very much more, and in fact, if the young prince only looks and moves prettily on the stage, it matters as little as possible what he says or what he does, and still less who is the author by whom his sayings and doings have been invented. The burlesque is a species of dramatic composition which aims at something very far short of awakening a universal interest. It would be impossible to entertain concerning one of these pieces the hope expressed by Rosalind that between the men and the women the play may please, because it would be ridiculous to suppose that women in general really care about seeing other women made more attractive in the eyes of men than they are, or can even suppose themselves capable of becoming. We do not of course assume that all women would desire, if they could, to imitate the airs and graces of the young prince in a burlesque; but the success of a pretty actress is not the more agreeable to her sex because they are able to assure themselves that they are not actresses, and perhaps are not even pretty. We should think that a burlesque must be as amusing to a party of ladies as the half-hour in a ball-room during which the gentlemen are taking supper below stairs. Of course we cannot speak from actual knowledge, but we have been informed and believe that during this interval some young lady is requested to sing something, or several couples of young ladies perform a waltz. But, whether women in general are pleased or not with burlesques, it is undeniable that burlesque is not intended to please women. This article is manufactured for the consumption of men, and specially for that class of men who are called "swells." It is an

article which requires for its manufacture a combination of various products of nature and art, a liberal expenditure of money, and much skill of a particular kind in expending it. The successful manufacturer derives handsome profits from his commodity. We grudge neither his success nor its reward, but when he calls himself a "dramatic author" we are reminded of the story of a manufacturer of monuments in what was called in old times the New Road, who took a trip to Rome and introduced himself to Canova, saying that "he understood that like himself he was in the stone and marble line."

The decline in England of what may be distinguished as the grand ballet has been accompanied by an enormous rise in the popularity of dancing as a means of theatrical entertainment. It would not be easy to reckon how many London theatres depend upon burlesque for their attractions, and the success of a burlesque depends upon the number and variety of its dances. There probably were frequenters of the Italian Opera as it used to be who were critical on ballets, and could even undertake to distinguish one ballet from another. But a person who went less frequently, or observed less accurately, might hastily assume that all ballets were alike, since the purpose of all of them seemed to be to afford opportunities to a lady in a short gauze skirt to walk upon her toes. Burlesque is coming to be what ballet was, and as soon as you have got what may be distinguished as the graceful and the comic element of your dances, the author's work is done, and let him pun ever so cleverly, no one heeds him. Let us look, for example, at what the advertisements call the "glorious burlesque" which is now being performed at the Strand Theatre. The piece called the *Pilgrim of Love* was written some time ago, and is now revived. It seems to have been composed with considerable care, and the author probably attached great importance to his choice of words. But in the interval which has elapsed since this piece was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1860, the ideas of managers of what is necessary for success in burlesque have undergone considerable development. We shall see this clearly if we compare the original cast of characters with the present. The young Prince Ahmed is represented as under the contending influences of a good and an evil genius. The evil genius at the Haymarket was Mr. Coe, who is a well-known actor. The evil genius at the Strand is a young lady, whose face is remarkable for pretty insipidity. There are other young ladies in the company whose faces are in various ways remarkable, and it must have been by way of a joke that the manager gave the part of the evil genius to one who looks as if she had neither energy nor audacity to do wrong, or in fact, to do anything whatever. We hope that we shall not be considered disrespectful to this young lady if we say that she seems to be the sort of person who would be almost insurmountably difficult to converse with during a quadrille. We should as soon expect to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury swearing as to hear this young lady say anything wicked, and indeed we should not expect to hear her say anything beyond monosyllabic answers to our remarks. It may or may not be taken as a compliment by the young lady who plays the good genius, if we confess to having undergone considerable perplexity before we could decide which angel belonged to light and which to darkness. The speeches allotted to these young ladies were, if possible, more bewildering than their looks. The fairy whom we afterwards ascertained to be good counselled the young prince to run away from his tutor and fall in love. The fairy whom, in spite of an appearance of child-like innocence, we were ultimately convinced was wicked, warned the same young prince that people who married in haste often repented at leisure. However, it may be that this combination of simplicity and wisdom is merely a new device of Satan which has been detected by the manager of the Strand Theatre. He at any rate may be supposed to know his own business, and he considers that an evil spirit is adequately represented by a girl of ordinary face and figure, who can dance moderately well, and is willing to exhibit her person as fairies both good and evil do upon the stage. We do not like to speak positively on a point of great importance, but if our recollection is correct, the wicked spirit wore rather longer petticoats than the good spirit, and perhaps after all that is the real distinction. We remarked the appearance of this white devil all the more because a neighbouring theatre has its burlesque in which there occurs a demon who is got up with a hooked nose and a suit of black and scarlet in the proper way to make little boys tremble if they happen to lie awake at night after being taken to the play. There is, we suppose, considerable competition among managers for that limited portion of the playgoing public which is now in London, and it may be that the attractions of the Gaiety Theatre would be heightened if the actor who plays the demon were to make room for one more young lady whose style of beauty should be slightly different from those who are now engaged. And here we approach a view of the subject which we respectfully submit to the consideration of the Lord Chamberlain, who, if he has been vainly adjured to aid morality, will not, as we hope, refuse to come when summoned to the rescue of religion. This frittering way, if we



may so speak, of the devil, has been carried far enough, and we summon all preachers who know how useful Satan is to them in their pulpits to co-operate with us in resisting all attempts to put him into even the shortest petticoats. This revival of the *Pilgrim of Love* tamperers, we regret to say, not only with religion but with law. We find in the original programme the character of a parrot who is described as "having a barrister-like appearance through his plumage." But although the present programme describes this parrot as "formerly in the law," the manager has not made the least attempt to fulfil the promise thus held out to the public. We do not consider that pearl-grey silk stockings and high-heeled satin boots have at all a "barrister-like appearance," but we are bound to admit that the manager has treated the lawyer more respectfully than the devil, since he has put the latter into short petticoats, but the former, so far as we can remember, had no petticoats at all. We observe that the original parrot was Mr. Clark, an actor of comic talent. We do not say that Mr. Clark's successor has not talent, and we do not say she has, for we do not know. It cannot be of the smallest consequence whether she has or not. We have heard that a theatrical aspirant went to a well-known actor, and desired him to teach her burlesque acting. He told her that he could not. If he had known Latin, he might have said of the thing she wanted—*nascitur non fit*; and he should have added that it was very important that her boots should fit.

N. D.

### A DEAN ACROSS ABSENTEES.

The Dean of Canterbury having been applied to, like all the other deans, by the two Archbishops, for suggestions of improvement in the cathedral management, together with a statement of the views of other members of his chapter, has "by permission" published his answer in the new number of the *Contemporary Review*. Dean Alford is a vigorous reformer, but he is silent as to the views of others, and there are some indications in his article of a want of entire sympathy between himself and other members of the chapter. Generally, it is the Dean's opinion that the revenues of cathedrals "could hardly be worse managed" than they now are, for the needs of the Church; that they "are not merely useless in their present appropriation, but, for Church purposes, mischievous, fostering a spirit which it is desirable to discourage, and ensuring for improvement and activity, hindrance instead of help." "Members of chapters," he says, "have generally no common bond except the conservation of their incomes and rights;" and this generally becomes in practice "systematic caution against any precedents being set for regular participation in Church work beyond that required of them by their statutes, and constant endeavour to prevent the cathedral from being employed for other than statutable purposes." At Canterbury there are six canonries, each of £1,000 a year; two of them are attached to the archdeaconries of Canterbury and Maidstone; the other four Dean Alford would suppress as the present canons die off, and save £4,000 a year for the work of the Church. In the non-capital body the Dean attaches much importance to getting rid of the title of "honorary canons." Difference of ranks among the clergy he finds to be a practical evil. "One of the chief troubles," he says, "in the working of a cathedral body arises from the continual petty squabbles about etiquette and precedence arising from acknowledged or presumed difference of rank in office;" and there is something in the word "honorary" which makes it apparently thought anything but honourable by the canons whom it concerns. As the Dean cannot understand why it is so, it will not be expected that a layman should understand it. For the sake of peace the Dean wishes to eliminate the word "honorary" from the cathedral hierarchy, "the practice being universal among them of dropping the word 'honorary,' and for some unexplained reason calling themselves canons." Dean Alford especially objects to that part of the cathedral system which allows canons to hold benefices elsewhere, and requires of them a residence of only two or three months at the cathedral.

"The very caricature of all that is bad in the system is found in those cases where there is but one prebendal house, and the canons come and go throughout the year, an arrangement so absurd that it would hardly be credited even, if not known to exist. I have heard the dean of one such cathedral confess that he would be infinitely better off if reduced to two canons, and these with homes on the spot, than at present with his four canons who never meet, and his interregna of four weeks in each year, while one is going out and another coming in."

The unauthorized and incorrect publication in a Church newspaper of the discussions at the Conference of Deans in May last, summoned by a "private and confidential" circular from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, has led Dean Alford to request permission to publish his recommendations; and we learn from him that there was a general desire among the deans who attended the May Conference for substantial reforms.

### A WORD FOR WAGNER.

To the Editor of the "Athenæum."

SIR,—As one of the few London musicians who have earnestly desired to become acquainted with the operas of Richard Wagner, I ask permission, at a time when his enemies are more than usually abusive to say a few words on the subject. A Wagner opera must be considered as a drama with musical declamation—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery, and action. Consequently, any attempt to measure it by the same standard of criticism as is applied to purely musical works must fail. The analysis of any detached musical phrase, of any single line of poetry, as a thing for itself, is as much out of place as was the notion of the clergyman who talked of the beauty of "a bar of Beethoven." Thus the usual channels by which an operatic composer becomes known are nearly closed for Wagner. Imagine a *Tannhäuser* "selection" at a promenade concert (alas! no mere supposition), a *morceau de salon* upon *Lohengrin*, the *Rheingold* quadrilles or the *Fliegender Holländer*, ground at the street-corners!

My present object is to point out that a clear understanding of a Wagner opera must be obtained from an efficient performance of the same: in default of this, the only possible alternative consists in the intelligent rendering of some entire scene at the pianoforte, the words, of course, being sung. The admission of these two points appears to me most important. Any one thoroughly conversant with musical forms up to the latest Beethoven period, and aided by some experience, may certainly comprehend a difficult score by Brahms, or Hiller, without an actual performance, or the assistance of a pianoforte; but in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined. Those who remember the first introduction of Beethoven's works will probably admit the truth of this. Imagine an accomplished musician of those days who could read a score of Haydn or Mozart with equal ease at the writing-table or at the piano, but who had as yet no knowledge of Beethoven. Would he be competent to picture to himself that master's *Missa Solennis* by merely reading it? Any work not exceeding the already-known artistic boundaries would present no difficulties to him. But the creator of what is absolutely new must be heard in order to be distinctly realized. I repeat, therefore, that for those who have no opportunity of hearing an efficient performance, and who wish to arrive at a clear understanding of a Wagner opera, it is necessary to hear some entire scene played and sung at the pianoforte. Let pianists not possessed of the requisite brain and finger qualifications beware! The almost invariable answer of a musical critic when questioned as to his knowledge of the much-dreaded music is, "Oh! I have read it." Let those who have not only read, but played, judge of the value of such "reading," and of the published criticisms which too often result from it.

I must exclude all reference to the earlier opera, *Rienzi*, from these remarks. I have also assumed that no one will undertake the study of Wagner's works without a thorough comprehension of the poems on which his music is founded. I have addressed myself solely to those who, having no pre-conceived prejudice, are really desirous of becoming acquainted with a subject which now attracts universal attention: any attempt to change the opinion of professional critics once pledged to uphold certain views, or of those (and their name is legion) who have been embittered by a recent brochure to which it would be too wide a digression here to allude, would assuredly be useless. Most warmly do I re-echo the sentiment of Mr. Chorley as expressed in last week's *Athenæum*—indeed, what he applies to the rehearsal of the *Rheingold* I would even extend to the whole Wagner question:—"Never has partisanship been so unblushing and unscrupulous as on this occasion." Amen! Amen! with all my heart.

WALTER BACHE.

58, Great Russel Street, Sept. 15, 1869.

["Pre-conceived prejudice" is good. Nevertheless, others have read, played, and even heard—Wagner's operas, as well as Mr. Walter Bache, without therefore liking them, or holding with the theory upon which they are constructed.—A. S. S.]

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS AND THE HOLYWELL EISTEDDFOD.—At a meeting of the Council, the Rev. J. Griffiths in the chair, it was moved by the chairman and seconded by Mr. Hugh Owen,—"That the Council are desirous of availing themselves of the present opportunity of acknowledging the patriotic conduct of Mr. Brinley Richards, displayed on all occasions, for his generous sympathy with the National Eisteddfod, particularly for his great liberality in attending, free of all charge, and at great personal sacrifice at the Eisteddfod at Holywell, held for the purpose of liquidating the liabilities which at present hinder the success of the ancient institution of the Principality."

MR. EGG ON *THE PRODIGAL SON*.

There was a gathering at Worcester on Wednesday fortnight faintly reflecting that at Munich ten days earlier. Professors and amateurs met in the "faithful city" expectantly, and queried of each other as to the new thing coming. Unlike the pilgrims to the Bavarian capital, they went not away disappointed. There was no *fiasco* at rehearsal, no rebellious conductor, no frate intendant, no disgusted auditory, and, what is of most consequence, no cacophonous music. The course of the Worcester new thing ran smooth, and the new thing itself was hailed as one good for its own sake, better for the promise of what may follow. Much hung upon its fate. The question to be decided was not whether absurdity could overleap itself, as at Munich, but whether the most hopeful English composer of our day had stuff enough in him to do a great thing—nay, the greatest. A verdict has been arrived at on the matter—one pretty nearly unanimous, altogether satisfactory; and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, thanks to his *Prodigal Son*, enters the ranks of those who have achieved.

Let me not be understood to say that *The Prodigal Son* belongs to the highest efforts of genius, or that it is without blemish. Among accepted things of its kind, the oratorio may have a lowly place; but that it will have a place of some sort is a great matter. For one aspirant who puts his foot across the threshold of Fame's temple, ten thousand fail to reach the outer gate. Mr. Sullivan's latest work gives him a place inside; his own industry and his own gifts must be left to fix his ultimate rank. I have said that *The Prodigal Son* is not without faults. Some of these can readily be pointed out. I do not blame Mr. Sullivan for making his work didactic, and at every step in the march of it introducing a homily from what has been happily called a "kind of singing city missionary." The didactic oratorio has its uses, one of which is that the form best suits works, like *The Prodigal Son*, of comparatively small dimensions. Mr. Sullivan was, therefore, right in the manner of dealing with his theme, but not wholly right. He hankered after the dramatic, and, once, yielded to his hankering. I can well understand the reluctance with which he ignored the opportunities of the story for dramatic treatment. How, for example, it must have gone to his heart to look over the "elder brother" and the chance of mingling querulous complainings with the "sound of music and dancing." All this, however, Mr. Sullivan did as one who had fixed his course and was not to be tempted from the way of it. He failed in being equally resolute throughout, for the "riotous living" of the prodigal is produced in his work with every available realistic effect. The result is odd. The story, with its attendant homilies—a grave and sober train—is broken in upon by a rout of Eastern revellers, whose monotonous chant and barbaric accessories belong to—what they richly adorn—the department of pure dramatic writing. This is, unquestionably, an error of judgment, but an error difficult to avoid and easily condoned, because of the revelation it makes. Mr. Sullivan's dramatic solo and chorus, "Let us eat and drink," form the most striking number of a work in which they have no business at all. Apart from a treatment of details, as cleverly carried out as ingeniously conceived, the music is full of suggestive melancholy. It truly represents the mirth of those who know that to-morrow they die, and who are not happy in the prospect. Such music, we say again, is welcome even when it intrudes. Through it, we get a glimpse of capacity, otherwise only assumed to exist.

Mr. Sullivan has happily chosen the texts which cke out the story, or serve to point its moral. Though passages here and there suggest themselves as better adapted for musical treatment than those used, I cannot fix upon a single inappropriate verse. Bearing in mind what even librettos taken wholly from the Scriptures generally are, this is a feature of special value, not less as regards the composer than the work itself. A good book is strength to a composer, just as a bad one is weakness. Mr. Sullivan rejoiced in strength, and has used it well. His music is of no mean order. It makes no frantic effort after originality, that last refuge of the incapable. Mr. Sullivan is content to follow accepted form, and to speak in the tongue of his predecessors, even at the risk—not always avoided—of reflecting their thoughts. That he has said something to which the world will gladly listen again and again is all the more an honour to him. Nothing is easier than to make the world cry ("Lo, there!") by the utterance of gibberish.

I shall not go through Mr. Sullivan's oratorio number by number, preferring rather to stimulate individual curiosity to do that for itself. Certain of its greater excellences, however, must be pointed out. Mark, first, the purely devotional and severely religious tone of nearly all the music. Save the "Revel" only, the choruses are genuine examples of sacred writing, while some of them, such as "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," belong to the highest order. In the next place, the capacity of intense expression proved by the composer is worthy of careful note. Probably few things in music—assuredly none outside the writings of the great masters—are more powerfully suggestive than the *Prodigal's scene*, "How many hired servants of my Father's." As

sung by Mr. Sims Reeves this, indeed, commends itself as a rare effort. Need it be said, in addition, that Mr. Sullivan's melodies are always real tunes, or that his subjects are treated in scholarly mode? The merit of his orchestration will be taken for granted by all and sundry who know anything about his previous work. So *The Prodigal Son* is a success, and English music is the richer for it.

THADDEUS EGG.

## EARL BEAUCHAMP AND THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE.

We have (*the Worcester Herald*) received the following letters from Lord Beauchamp, with a request that we would publish them in the *Herald*. We do so with great pleasure, for, in a case where rumour has been so busy with her thousand tongues promulgating stories true and untrue, it is a great advantage to have an authenticated statement before us. It will be seen that the first is a copy of a letter addressed by Lord Beauchamp to the Bishop of Worcester: the second is that right reverend prelate's response. After perusing these documents the public will see that the whole matter lies in a nutshell, and the difficulty, if any difficulty ever really existed, can be easily avoided upon a future occasion:—

(COPY.)

Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, Aug. 10, 1869.

MY DEAR LORD,—Erroneous rumours so easily and so frequently get into circulation, that I ask leave to trouble your lordship, as president of the approaching Festival, with a few lines to explain why I have thought it right to withdraw from all connection with the Festival. On the occasion of this music meeting, as on the last, a larger number of stewards were selected from the city of Worcester than were previously in the habit of serving. For these gentlemen I entertain sincere respect, and I am proud to enjoy the friendship of many of them, but as a steward not resident in Worcester it does not appear to me too much to ask that all the stewards (if indeed any priority of choice of seats over the general public is to be accorded to them, and on this point I desire to be understood as not expressing any opinion) should be put on a footing of real equality in the choice of seats. The arrangements now in force have practically given the first choice of seats to those stewards whose avocations in Worcester enabled them to secure a readier access to the ticket office than could be attained by others whose duties lie elsewhere. Of the annoyance to myself and my friends I need say nothing, for I have neither the wish nor the right to urge my personal convenience, and various friends have most kindly offered to relinquish their seats to me, but as it would be wrong to interfere with the arrangements they have already made I have not found myself at liberty to accept their offer. In the interests, however, of gentlemen whose connection with the musical Festival is of no recent date, I take leave to protest very respectfully against the present arrangement for the distribution of tickets among the stewards as partial and inconvenient. I regret to have found it necessary to trouble your lordship with such matters of detail, but it seems to me right to place before you the reasons of my withdrawal lest I should appear wanting in courtesy towards one for whom I have so high a regard.—I remain, your lordship's faithful servant,

BEAUCHAMP.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester.

(COPY.)

Hartlebury, Kidderminster, Aug. 12, 1869.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am truly sorry that you should have occasion to find fault with the proceedings of the Worcester Festival Committee, and still more sorry that the fault should be of so serious a character as to lead you to withdraw your support from the Festival. I need not say to your lordship that whatever arrangements have been made by the Committee have been made entirely without my knowledge, for I believe you are aware that I have not been able to take any part in the proceedings of the Committee since the day when I had the pleasure of meeting your lordship in the house of Dr. Williams. I understood from the printed circular which was sent to me that the wishes of all the stewards respecting the choice of seats would be ascertained before any assignment whatever was made, and I presumed that, in the event of the same seats being chosen by different persons, some impartial mode of settling the assignment (such as a ballot) would be resorted to by the Committee. I do not know what was the course actually taken; neither have I received any information what seats, if any, have been assigned to me.—I am, my dear lord, yours very faithfully,

H. WORCESTER.

The Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp.

GLASGOW.—The Saturday Evening Concerts have recommenced. Two have already been given with satisfactory results. The vocalists were Madame Boddie-Pyne, Miss Jocelyn, Mdlle. Zuliani, Mr. Beverly, and Signor Perunini. Mr. Emile Berger was the pianist. A local journal writes:—"Mr. Emile Berger surpassed himself; his solo, 'Iona,' played we believe for the first time, was more than admirable, and showed to the best advantage the powers both of himself and his instrument." Mr. Lambert presided at the organ, and, as usual, his talent was thoroughly appreciated.

## REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

## A MUSICAL JOURNEY AND TWO NEW OPERAS.\*

(Continued from page 639.)

## 2.

It is now some ten years ago that, one fine July evening, I was waiting in Loschwitz to see the steamboat start for Dresden. With me was another summer visitor, the four-handed Carl Burchard. We were immersed in an animated conversation about his arrangement of one of Haydn's symphonies—I cannot say how many he had already arranged—when there passed close by us a gentleman whose appearance conjured up in my mind the remembrance of times long forgotten. I instantly dispatched my son after him with directions to enquire whether his name was Von Könnertitz. It was; and the tall, broad-shouldered man, with the immense Roman nose, on which an enormous pair of spectacles sat enthroned, and with the kindly, smiling features, and the short snow-white hair, turned back at once, and recognized me directly, as I had recognized him, after an absence of nearly thirty years. We had spent quite three years together at Leipsic; Von Könnertitz belonged to the small club of young noblemen-students, who, at every performance, used to stand in the first tier at the theatre, and thence distribute their applause. All the persons connected with the theatre esteemed this areopagus, because it was invaluable to them, and, moreover, paid for the right of pronouncing judgment. Among its members were Von Carlowitz, Von Teubern, Von Zeschwitz, etc.; but Könnertitz surpassed them all in bodily stature, and caught the eye the more readily from being generally posted near the gnome-like form of Carl Herlossohn, who abstained from all manifestations of applause himself, but was generally regarded as the chief of this *claque noble*. He was a personal friend of mine, and, by his means, I soon became well acquainted with all these young men, whose senior I was by but very little, although already invested with the dignity and importance of an official position. Könnertitz became my pupil for pianoforte playing and musical theory (in the last together with Waldemar Frege, at present the Leipsic professor, and husband of the once celebrated singer, Livia Gerhardt). He had a marked aptitude for music. He played the clarinet, and did not neglect his studies subsequently, so that he was capable of forming an opinion of a composition even from the score. He speedily took a liking to me, and I still recollect with pleasure a trip, each of us paying his share of the expenses, to a watering-place called Lauchstädt, near Halle, where *La Mulette* was performed by Herr Bethmann's company. We hired a small open trap, and my *fidus Achates*, Könnertitz, figured as charioteer. The Lauchstädt opera did not, however, fulfil our expectations, for we had looked forward to something stunning, so to speak, and found only something mediocre; not bad enough for us to laugh at, and not sufficiently good to afford us any gratification. We were thoroughly bored, and only made up for our disappointment by enjoying the society, after the performance, of the Dessau Chamber-Musicians, Herr Lindner, the *Concertmeister*, and Herr Drechsler, violoncellist, who had played in the orchestra. The future Judge of Appeal scarcely suspected that these gentlemen were the colleagues of one with whose daughter a Duke of Anhalt would conclude a morganatic marriage, while Könnertitz himself selected the niece of the same Dessauer as his second wife. When, in 1862, after Lüttichau's death, Könnertitz became Director-General of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, I sent him a *carte de visite* with an inscription in verse, expressing a hope that he might, in his new career, handle the reins of management as skillfully as he had handled those of our trap, in times gone by. His answer ran thus:—"My dear *Capellmeister*, Receive my best thanks for your friendly greeting. Had I a photograph of myself, I would have returned like for like, and sent you my portrait. As it is, I can only beg you to fancy my features; throw into them the most friendly expression possible; and read in it how greatly the fact of your having thought of him has delighted your former pupil, von Könnertitz." I felt a strange sensation, one evening that same summer, as I was seated in the pit of the Dresden Operahouse, and, looking up, perceived, standing against one of the caryatides of the first tier, the Director General, unchanged in appearance, and looking like the young nobleman-student in the Leipsic Theatre, thirty years previously; the snow-white head alone betrayed the influence of time. Poor Könnertitz came to a melancholy end; his official position caused him ceaseless annoyance, as it does every theatrical manager—but his own good-natured and hasty, yet, at the same time, vacillating character was partly to blame. At length, *L'Africaine* proved his *crève-cœur*. The piece was put upon the stage regardless of expense, and (an unpopular and unheard of innovation at Dresden) the prices were raised. But the performance was a perfect failure, and this preyed so much upon his mind that, a few days afterwards, he fell a victim to an apoplectic stroke.

\* From the *Neus Berliner Musikzeitung*.

But how is it that Saul has got among the Prophets? What has the Intendant of the Dresden Theatre to do with a Berlin *Capellmeister's* trip from Munich to Reichenhall? The two are thus connected: On Whit Tuesday, 1865, as I was about to step into the *coupé*, I found some one already inside, and—had I not recognized him—I certainly should have enquired of him with whom I had the honour of travelling; it was the imposing head of a Jupiter upon the body of an Epicurean—it was Franz Lachner, the Royal Bavarian Music-Director General. I had been introduced to him by Könnertitz in the corridor of the Operahouse, Dresden, when, in compliance with the wish of the latter, we had come, with some of our German colleagues, to be present at a performance of *Idomeneus*, in the old Mozart pitch, which is nearly a semitone lower than the new Paris diapason. Könnertitz had taken great interest in this, then warmly discussed, question, making various acoustic experiments, and, in the summer of 1862, immediately after entering upon his new office, got up conferences on the subject at Dresden, on which occasion the majority (of which I was one) pronounced it as their opinion that it was unnecessary to introduce the pitch from the Seine because it differed too slightly, nay, almost imperceptibly, from that of the Elba, though they said that it might, perhaps, be desirable to go lower, and for this reason to get up a trial opera, employing the wind instruments used at the Roman Catholic Church in Dresden, and which are in the old Mozart pitch. In consequence of this, Könnertitz announced *Idomeneus*. This theme was immediately seized upon by Lachner and myself as an introduction, followed, in quick succession, till we reached Salzburg, by other musical motives, which afforded materials for the most animated conversation. Lachner spoke at great length, and, as I think, very sensibly, about Wagner, so that there was no difference of opinion between us on this head. It is a strange fact, but whenever I have met any of the older *Capellmeisters* of my acquaintance, I never heard any sentiments concerning Wagner different from those I profess myself, and I consequently want to know in whose keeping is, or rather was, the maintenance of German musical art? Are men like Abt, Esser, Krebs, Franz and Ignaz Lachner, Rietz, G. Schmidt, and Taubert, who have all carefully got up and successfully produced Wagnerian operas (not to mention those who are dead: Marschner, Meyerbeer, and Reissiger), are all these men, I say, struck with blindness and deafness, because they do not see and hear that the true dramatic element is embodied in Wagner alone, and that everything previously done was merely preparatory to the perfection developed in him? I shall touch again upon this point, when we have returned to Munich.

For the present, however, we are seated in the Convent Wine Shop (or Church Pothouse) of Salzburg, enjoying, quite close to its *Père-la-chaise*, a bottle of Mozart wine, and keeping up a good-humoured conversation all the time with two handsome peasant girls, who had concealed with gold ornaments the wens customary in that district. At our departure, they wrote their names and addresses, "Susanne Unger and Fränzchen Unger, of Berghheim," in my note-book, and, enriched with this rare autograph, I quitted the hospitable approaches of the Catholic temple. Our road now led to Berchtesgaden, where Lachner was going to pay a visit to his former pupil, Heinrich Esser, Imperial *Capellmeister*. We of course spent the evening together, talking of old times. I first made Esser's acquaintance on the Rhine. In September, 1843, I went by steamer from Mayence to Cologne, my destined residence; I was to occupy the post formerly held by Conrad Kreutzer. I was not exactly in the most roseate humour in the world; I had come on first, quite alone, to reconnoitre the ground, and make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of my family. After a sojourn of eleven years in Riga, where I passed the happiest part of my life, I had accepted the flattering offer made me, without really knowing what was in store for me, since my future existence appeared dependent partly upon the success of my own exertions, and partly on chance. Colonia, for instance, gave her Town Conductor a salary of six hundred thalers. For this he had to do nothing except to receive three hundred thalers more, and three hundred in addition to that, supposing the Vocal Union and the Concert Society chose to elect him respectively as their conductor; there was a chance, also, of another six hundred thalers, if the manager of the theatre (at that period Spielberger) liked to confide to him the direction of the opera. This was the prospect for which I had, with an extremely numerous family, left my well-beloved Riga. It is true that, in the letters he wrote me, Herr von Wittgenstein, then *Stadthalt* and afterwards *Regierungs-Präsident*, described all these mere possibilities as the inevitable results of the measures I should have to adopt; but the nearer the time approached for me to change my domicile, the greater became the anxiety with which I contemplated the consequences that might ensue from the engagement I had concluded, and, on passing through Leipsic, I was rendered still more anxious than ever, by Felix Mendelssohn, who knew the state of things at Cologne, and did not conceal from me that my task would be a



difficult one. When we separated, he gave me, of his own accord, a letter of introduction to Franz Weber, the head of the party opposed to me, in order, as he expressed himself, that he might have helped, *pro virili parte*, to procure me a friendly welcome. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and in no more than six hours I was to see the distinguishing feature of Cologne, the "Cathedral crane." With gloomy forebodings about the rhine, did I begin my trip down the Rhine,\* and even the natural beauties which met my gaze for the first time could not dispel my low spirits, despite the gaiety which reigned on board, and from which I had at the very outset withdrawn, and taken up my position on an isolated stool. Suddenly, when we were near Bingen, a crowd of thirty lively individuals collected upon deck; music-books were taken out of a large chest; a tall, lank gentleman took up his position as director in the midst of his travelling companions, and I heard Mendelssohn's then new song, "Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald," most admirably executed. When it was over, I stepped up to one of the performers, and requested an explanation; it was the Mayence "Liedertafel" with its conductor, Esser, hurrying off to compete in the Belgio-Germanic vocal contest at Brussels. Scarcely had I told my informant who I was, than I found myself among the jolliest set of fellows in the world, and they gave me a foretaste of what Rhenish life and Rhenish goodheartedness are. Esser at once told me that he had been informed directly by Eschborn himself, hitherto conductor at the Cologne Stadttheater, that he had already been discharged by Spielberger. This took a heavy load from off my breast, and I willingly surrendered myself in such company to the joys of good-fellowship. On bidding my new acquaintances farewell at Cologne, I was invited by them—Esser, and that worthy fellow, old Schott, at their head—to go and pay them a visit soon in Mayence. The following summer I took advantage of the holidays to make a short trip to the Bergstrasse, on which occasion I became better acquainted with the amiable *Schiffmannschaft*, with whom we of Cologne, combined with the Coblenz Associations, held the first *Liedertafel* Festival of the Lower Rhine. The second was celebrated in 1846. Eduard Mantius appeared as the star on the occasion, and by his singing of Reichardt's "Ich singe Lieb' und Wein," rendered the audience quite as enthusiastic as he had done with the same song, sixteen years before, at the Jägerhof in Halle, when Klein, Reissiger, and Schneider conducted the musical festival of the United Elbe-Cities. In August, 1847, Esser was no longer at Mayence, his successor, as master of the *Liedertafel*, being Ernst Paner, also one of Lachner's favourite pupils. Something then took place which I recollected again on visiting Berchtesgaden, as soon as the conversation happened to turn upon Reichardt and his song, "Das deutsche Vaterland." I will relate this incident and then think of returning to *Tristan und Isolde*.

We were sitting in the large hall of the casino at Coblenz; the evening banquet was honoured on the occasion by the presence of the Chief President, the General in command, and the other high military and civil officials. Our programme had been settled beforehand; each of the three *Liedertafeln* sang a solo piece, and then followed something sung by all (total: 4). This arrangement was repeated three times (total: 12), and the last song sung by all together, which was, also, the last official song, was to be "Das deutsche Vaterland." The meeting was exceedingly animated; each separate *Verein* endeavoured to surpass the others by the good selection of its pieces, and the precision of its execution; we had eaten well, and drunk better; and the humour, always a characteristic of these gatherings, had not been damped by the presence of visitors of distinction. In conformity with the programme, I, as the eldest *Liedertafel* Master, gave the signal for beginning the last piece. Thereupon, a youngish man, that impetuous barrister, Herr Schmitz, of Mayence, rose, and extemporized to "Das deutsche Vaterland" an introduction of which no member of the Extreme Left need have been ashamed. He concluded his fulmination with the threatening words, "then we shall see whether the sovereigns of Germany will still dare to oppose the legitimate wishes of their subjects." Though it was not till 1848, a year later, that everything became possible, even in 1847 scarcely anything seemed any longer impossible; but one thing did, for all that, appear impossible to me, as chairman, and that was: to leave unanswered such a firebrand of a speech, directed point blank against the highest officials of the province, who had been invited as guests. In the midst of the general excitement, by no means altogether of a jocular character, I endeavoured—in the good Rhenish fashion—to diminish the impression of the speech, by a carnivalistic effort, and, in the belief that I was representing the feelings of the majority, I replied that of course every man must be allowed the privilege of holding what political opinions he chose; that those of the honourable speaker were probably shared by most of the persons present; but that, considering he had brought

them forward at a musical gathering, I could not suppress a hope that, at the next meeting of the Chambers, the members would not think of debating whether chromatic French horns could replace natural ones, and whether the sound of the stopped notes could be produced as well on the former as on the latter. Up to then, and even afterwards, I continued, we would, as heretofore, consider ourselves as brothers of one stock, for whom the German language, German morals, and German art must ever be sacred—and that, looking at the question in this light, I called upon the members of the *Liedertafel* to strike up "Das deutsche Vaterland." This was done of course, with a variety of feelings, and, when the chairman's authority ceased, the most animated discussions ensued on what had occurred, and lasted till broad daylight, being brought to an end a week later in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. So stood the game of *quarantio sept*; then came the year '48, and, since then, the *Liedertafeln* of the Lower Rhine never met again at Coblenz.

### LA POUDRE DE PERLINPINPIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the Châtelet Theatre in Paris a burlesque has been produced under the title of *La Poudre de Perlinpinpin*, the most tiresome of all ineane vapourities. The piece has not even the charm of female beauty to recommend it, and is intolerably stupid. I sat out this dreary twaddle until half-past one by Shrewsbury clock, or at least until some steeples which lives near the Châtelet had peeled forth that warning Sunday morning; but as everything went wrong, none of the machinery would work, fountains and forests would sit down in the midst of cottages, and the scenery was always shifting into the wrong place, I returned last night; and the second visit aggravated the original impression. M. Nestor Roqueplan is a brilliant writer and talker, and has an æsthetic appreciation of the beautiful in art or nature. Every one who has met the great diner-out at dinner must have been struck with the range of his conversational powers. He, moreover, garnered up stores of experience in such matters whilst ruling over Opéra and Opéra-Comique. Why then should he leave polite society, where he reigned triumphant, and wander to the Châtelet, to waste his energies in superintending an extravaganza scarce worthy a country fair? And if he would be manager, and fancied that *pièce à femmes* is the road to fortune, why should he have groped amidst the refuse of the Boulevards for a forgotten *féerie*, discarded by one of those many theatres formerly congregating on the Boulevard du Temple? The old *Poudre de Perlinpinpin* had this advantage over its degenerate regenerate, that it inflicted on us only three acts and twenty *tableaux*, whereas it has now swollen into four acts with thirty-two. It were derision to attempt an explanation of the plot. Canning's needy knife-grinder would have found no story in it to tell. The King Courtebotte sallies forth in search of his daughter who has been carried off. He is accompanied by his suitor, Prince Quicksilver (and a veritable Prince charming is Mademoiselle Martel). They are dodged about and impeded in their search by a Mephistopheles, armed with some wonderful powder. The Princess Zibeline is brought home at last after as many adventures as befel the King of Garbes' fiancée, and the marriage is celebrated with blue fire, tinsel, and lightly-dressed goddesses. Of the *tableaux*, the only one that approaches originality is the ballet in the Pays de Porcelaine, where fat teapots waltz together, thrusting their spouts into each other's handles, saucers pirouette with plates, and Sèvres and Dresden get up a quadrille of cream-jugs and tea-cups. Nor must the conflagration of King Courtebotte's Palace pass unnoticed, pumped down as it is by innumerable pompiers, almost as tiny as the Lilliputians whom I saw on the same stage two years ago. It was inevitable that these helmeted little heroes should set all the Court singing the "Pompieri de Nanterre," and the notes of that popular air seemed to divert the gallery immensely. There was also something droll in a duel, where several statues descend from their pedestals like the Commandant in *Don Juan*, to assist as seconds; and when the figures are at large, they gush forth into the *caneau* from the *Éclaboué*. But how sad to see an artist like Lesneur descending from his high estate to fooleries which befel the clown at Franconi's! Motley seems now to be his wear, for he was also the Jack Pudding in *Gulliver*. The piece at the Châtelet has been got up at great cost; but all this expenditure will have been in vain, for though many people may feel bound to go once to see the *Poudre*, no one will be tempted to renew the experiment.

Paris, Hotel des Pieds Humides.

LOWENBERG.—Prince Friedrich Wilhelm von Hohenzollern-Hechingen died, on the 3rd inst., at his castle of Polnisch-Nettkow, in his 70th year. He was a zealous lover and patron of art. His private musical establishment here, under the direction of Herr Seifritz, as conductor, enjoyed a high reputation. Fears are entertained, that now the Prince is dead, the establishment will be broken up.

\* This is the "neatest thing in puns" that I can hit on as an equivalent for the original: "In sehr unreiner Stimmung begann ich die Rheinfahrt."  
—J. V. B.

**H**istoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de  
MACHONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Anguin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

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#### DEATH.

On the 20th inst., Mr. JOHN JENNISON, proprietor of the Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, aged 79.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. GOOCH DRIVER.—The Pergola at Florence, though "the first theatre of the capital of Italy" (as Mr. Driver observes), is, nevertheless not lighted with gas.

#### NOTICE.

It is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

#### A BACHE TO THE RESCUE.

**H**ERR RICHARD WAGNER'S friends, from the Majesty of Bavaria downwards, must be well-nigh in despair about him. Such is the sure fate of all the worshippers of eccentricity. The man who, like Herr Wagner, is chiefly remarkable for doing odd things, and advocating odd notions, becomes the slave of a law which finally ruins him. A similar law shapes the ends of all the workers of "sensations." It drives on the acrobat to break his neck; leads the speculator into a dilemma from which only a pistol can extricate him; and gives to monarchs a choice of humiliation or revolution. Nothing is so soon forgotten as "striking" achievements, and he who would keep in favour with the world, must go on achieving that which is more and more striking, otherwise he will drop out of sight; or, which is worse, remain a thing for laughter and derision. This necessity tyrannizes over Herr Wagner. Apart from eccentricity Herr Wagner is no more than the giant Chang apart from inches. Rid the first of his craze, and—which is, perhaps, more possible—the latter of his superfluous height, and both would assume the form of very ordinary men. Chang, by no amount of thought-taking, could add one inch unto his stature, and the memory of him is therefore fast fading out. Herr Wagner, on the other hand, can more and more develop his craze, the result making him more and more notorious. Such a development must be, if the Prophet would not follow the Giant into the lumber-room of used-up curiosities. What would it avail Herr Wagner now if he were to produce another *Lohengrin*? simply nothing. The public stands at the open door of the lumber-room aforesaid, and cries to Herr Wagner—"Be more ridiculous than ever, or in you go." So Herr Wagner is more ridiculous than ever, and staves off his fate for a while. To this supreme necessity we owe *Rheingold*; the impossible prelude to an inconceivable Trilogy;—the work at which sane men do not yet know whether to laugh or weep. Beyond the absurdity and cacophony of *Rheingold* it is hardly possible to go, if we may credit the evidence of witnesses. So much the better, because the sooner will its composer be used up.

There are, however, some people who really admire Herr Wagner: who believe him a true Prophet, and follow him as one who leads to a musical Paradise. These are "the faithful," whose faith is now being tried as by fire. They could not have anticipated the antics of their Prophet; and must now look upon them as Michael looked upon David's unseemly dancing before the ark. The *fiasco* of *Rheingold* doubtless carried dismay into the Wagnerian ranks; but so did the non-delivery of Joanna Southcote into the congregation of her followers. Yet, as there are Southcotians still, so, also, are there Wagnerians; who, "rallying in nooks and corners," continue to believe in Richard. One has even had the boldness to rush into print, and there to defend his master. We admire the courage of Mr. Walter Bache. His letter to the *Athenæum* in reply to that of Mr. H. F. Chorley, shows him to be of the stuff which builds up faiths. There is about it a disregard of consequences, and a readiness of self-sacrifice we are compelled to admire. Whether Herr Wagner will thank Mr. Bache for his advocacy we do not know; at all events the master should be proud of a disciple who chooses the moment of greatest humiliation for that of the loudest profession.

The thoughtful reader will at once discern the fallacy upon which Mr. Bache rests his vindication of Herr Wagner's music. He contends that it forms only one part out of several which go to make a whole; and that to judge it by itself is absurdly unfair. This is equivalent to a declaration of rank heresy never likely to be accepted; and against which, therefore, it is bootless to argue. We hold that the province of music in opera is supreme; that the work is essentially musical, and that to the forms of art all the demands of realism must give way. This is the general belief, and because it is general, Herr Wagner's compositions are everywhere, out of a limited circle, scouted as formless and void. It is of little avail for Mr. Bache to urge the argument we have stated. He must first convert the majority to a belief in the premises upon which it is based.

Mr. Bache's assertion that Wagner's music must be heard, and cannot be read, is puerile. Mr. Bache, we are sure, does not say so from experience; he is too good a musician not to be able to read anything. Can he not understand the possession by others of a like gift? As to his fling at the critics, we will not take him to task about it. He naturally feels sore because an unbelieving press abjures Wagner and all the Wagnerian works. If it comfort Mr. Bache in the slightest degree to hurl stones at the critics, nobody is likely to complain, least of all those most concerned. We are, nevertheless, sorry that Mr. Bache has come forward at an unlucky moment—sorry even while we admire his pluck. He has averted nothing from the head of the prophet; and he has drawn something on his own.

—o—

**W**E commend the subjoined elegant extract to the attention of all our readers, and more especially of those who compose music, and of those who sing, or play upon instruments:—

"Whoever said, 'Show me a great fiddler and you show me a great fool,' uttered a very silly thing. It does not follow that because people are musical they are therefore mindless. On the other hand, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, a tenor singer does—perhaps he cannot help it—look very like an ass. Italy has, doubtless, produced vocalists and violinists of first-rate talent: Germany, too, acknowledges for sons many an accomplished singer, and a crowd of almost inspired pianists. With all this, both countries have reason to be proud of their philosophers, and of the way in which philosophy has been cherished, protected, and furthered by them. Italy has, certainly, one good answer to the reproach above alluded to. Vincent Galileo was one of the most distinguished musicians of Florence. His invention of recitative did not obstruct the greatness of his philosophical son, Galileo. Galileo had an ear for his sire's fiddling and singing, while he pursued that chain of discoveries which culminated in his conviction of the truth of the Copernican system. To be the father of one the greatest philosophers that ever lived is no small boast for a fiddler. It should of itself make the old reproach obso-



lete for ever. In Italy, if the birds are becoming songless, the sweet voice of Philosophy is not extinct in the groves."

Whoever said, "It does not follow that *because* people are musical they are *therefore* mindless," is not merely tautological, but the sayer of a much sillier thing than the "very silly thing" he cites against his predecessor of the fool's cap, and incomparably a greater "ass" than even the greatest "ass" of a "tenor singer" that ever, at any period, under any possible conditions of assdom, existed. It is inconceivable how such twaddle could have found its way into the columns of a paper like the *Athenæum*. And yet such is the case. It may be seen and re-perused with fresh wonderment, in the *Athenæum* of September 18—not, we need scarcely add, in those well-edited columns exclusively devoted to "music and the drama," but in the columns exclusively devoted to "reviews." Hepworth Dixon, you are wanted—back again.

A. S. S.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE DRESDEN THEATRE.

(By Electric and International Telegraph.)

Dresden, Sept. 21, Afternoon.

The Court Theatre is in flames and almost totally destroyed. The firemen are using every endeavour to prevent the fire spreading to the adjacent building, the Museum, containing the celebrated gallery of pictures.

Evening.

The fire at the Court Theatre is now subdued. The theatre is destroyed, but the neighbouring buildings have been saved.

#### BACH'S PASSION MUSIK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Among the "Waifs" in last Saturday's *Musical World* I find the following:—

"The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston is rehearsing Bach's *Passion Musik* (St. Matthew). Will some society nearer home attend, as we bid it 'Go, and do likewise?'"

It may be satisfactory to you to know that the *Passions-Musik* will in all probability be heard every season at the Oratorio Concerts, St. James's Hall; to which end Messrs. Novello have purchased from Professor Bennett and others, the right of printing (in octavo form) the English adaptation, so ably edited by the Cambridge Professor.—Believe me, very truly yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

The opening programme at the Holborn (this evening) consists of a new comedy by Mr. Thomas Morton, entitled, *Plain English*; a sketch by Mr. Harry Lemon, *Wait for an Answer*; and the musical farce of *The Waterman*.

We have received the prospectus of the returning Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace. The series is to consist of twenty-six concerts, and to commence on Saturday next. An excellent selection of interesting works is announced, including many compositions that will be new even to Mr. Manns's well-read audience. We are promised, for instance, Dr. Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor, Spohr's Historical Symphony, a Symphony in E ("the Approach of Spring"), by Herr Hiller, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and a selection from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Camacho*, besides some seldom-heard symphonies by Haydn and Mozart. The chorus is to be augmented and improved, and the orchestra to be as good as heretofore. Better it could not be.

It is reported that Mr. H. Willis has received a commission to build an organ,—which is, moreover, to be the "largest in the world,"—for the "Cole job" at Kensington, and that the pitch is to be the same as that maintained at the Royal Italian Opera. The "largest organ in the world" will probably do no more harm than any other largest thing of its kind in the world; but the high opera pitch may do a great deal of harm, inasmuch as it may, thus backed up, become the ultimate "normal" for these kingdoms. Professors, amateurs, and critics should bestir themselves in the matter, ere it be too late. A Cole pitch would be the "Devil to pay." Heaven protect us from such a catastrophe! Why not a compromise? Anything is better than a Cole.

#### NOTICE.

On the 1st October next, a High School of Practical Music will be opened in connection with the School of Composition already existing in the Royal Academy of Arts. It will comprise a department of *Instrumental Music*, and a department of *Vocal Music*.

In the department of *Instrumental Music*, two classes will be formed for *Solo Violin playing*, one for the execution of works by classical masters (Viotti, Spohr, Bach, etc.), and the other for preparing pupils by Spohr's *Violinschule*, and the *Études* of Fiorillo, Rhode, Kreutzer, etc., for admission into the first class. The Director, Herr Joachim, will himself instruct the first class. The necessary condition for being admitted into this class is the performance without technical faults, of Rhode's Seventh Concerto. Herr de Ahna, *Concertmeister*, will teach the second class. The Director will visit it. The correct performance of Kreutzer's 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Exercises is required for admission into the second class. As a rule, not more than four pupils will take part in the same lesson, but the master may allow others to be present, besides those actually receiving it.

The course of instruction on the *tenor violin* will be undertaken by Herr de Ahna, *Concertmeister*.

To teach the *violinello*, the services of Herr Wilhelm Müller, of Brunswick have been secured.

The *pianoforte* class in the instrumental department will be conducted by Professor Rudorff, who will himself teach. To this class also, only such pupils are admitted as have mastered the elementary parts of the subject.

Advanced pupils on stringed instruments will enter a *Quartet Class*, under the immediate superintendence of the director.

The advanced pianoforte scholars, also reinforced by members of the Quartet Class, will be exercised in concerted pieces (sonatas, trios, etc.), under the personal direction of Professor Rudorff. From time to time, moreover, public performances of chamber-music, as executed by the masters, will be given. To these performances the pupils of the instrumental department will have free admission.

As soon as there is a sufficient number of members in the Quartet Class, measures will be taken for the formation of an *Orchestral Class*.

Every information respecting the Vocal Department will be shortly made public.

The pupils in both departments will attend the course of *Musical Theory* in the existing school for Musical Composition, and will be admitted to the Royal Academy lectures on art and aesthetics.

The full course of study is fixed at three years, but it may be shortened in the case of already advanced pupils. The terms are eighty thalers a year, payable, quarterly in advance, into the treasury of the Institution. In case of pecuniary inability to pay so much, on the part of pupils possessed of striking talent, the above terms may be lowered, or altogether remitted.

Advanced musicians who may desire to finish their studies, by attending the course of instruction at the Academy for half a year, may do so by paying a sum of 50 thalers, and agreeing to take part in the classes for concerted music.

Applications for admission into the Music School must be addressed, up to the 25th September of the present year,

"To the Curators of the Royal Academy of Arts, No. 4, Unter den Linden."

The examinations for admission will be held by the directors of the various departments from the 27th to the 30th September.

THE CURATORS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

Berlin, 28th Aug., 1869.

DRESDEN.—The well-known singer, Madame Jauner-Krall, has applied to be pensioned off from the 1st December next, though her engagement does not expire till May 1st, 1871. The reason she assigns is that her voice has suffered so much, especially in the upper notes, from a domestic affliction, that she is no longer able to fulfil satisfactorily her professional duties.—The Theatre Royal was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of Tuesday the 21st inst. Great fears were entertained for the safety of the Museum, which adjoins it, and which contains the celebrated collection of paintings. Fortunately, however, the Museum was saved, owing to the great exertions of the firemen.

MUNICH.—The resignation of Herr Richter has been accepted by the King. The recalcitrant musician has left for Lucerne, where he will spend a few days with his idol, Herr R. Wagner, and then proceed to Paris. With regard to the report that Herr Eberle, the solo *répétiteur*, who, like Herr Richter, obtained his position through Wagner's influence, would conduct *Rheingold*, it may be mentioned that he has received notice for the first January, 1870, when the theatre will thus be cleared of the last Wagnerians.—The expense of getting up *Rheingold* was 60,000 thalers. Herr von Perfall, the Intendant General is completely worn out by the cabals and intrigues of which he has been the object. He has asked for several months' leave of absence, and his request has been granted.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Crystal Palace has recently been the scene of much activity, the numerous fêtes, concerts, fire-work displays, &c., having attracted large numbers. The week just ended has been among the busiest. On Monday a combined entertainment, including a performance of Wallace's *Lurline*, with full appointments, was given in the afternoon. This was followed by a velocipede contest in the centre transept. The velocipede contest was succeeded by a display of fireworks and illumination of fountains. The great set piece of the *arc de triomphe* being restored, a new harvest piece was manufactured for the occasion. The Musical Jubilee of the Tonic Sol-fa Association was repeated on Wednesday—for the last time (at least at present). The adjuncts of anvils, bells, guns, &c., excited as much *furor* as on the 8th inst. The explosions of what by the sound appeared to be cannon of large calibre were caused by small discs of gun-cotton no larger than an ordinary night light! Another startling novelty was introduced, viz., the instantaneous and complete lighting up of the great orchestra, with its eight thousand occupants, by lime-light, developed through electric agency. The Jubilee commenced at five in the afternoon, continuing until nearly seven o'clock. This day Mlle. Nilsson is to make her second and last appearance in a grand concert on the Handel Orchestra, supported by other distinguished artists, and the members of the Handel Festival Choir. A display of fireworks will conclude the day's amusements. Next week the Saturday Concerts recommence.

## THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

Under this heading, and with special reference to the Malvern Choral Society, the Malvern *Beacon* has an article which contains much good sense. We give it with only slight abridgment:—

"The promoters of this society have worked with praiseworthy zeal and energy in bringing it to its present state, and it now bids fair to be one of the most interesting and prosperous associations of our town. Dr. J. L. Marsden has consented to act as president, the Rev. A. Fowler and Dr. Fowler as vice-presidents, and an influential committee has been formed. A large number of ladies and gentlemen, who have become members, regularly attend the rehearsals, and are much pleased with the simple and effective mode of teaching pursued by the newly-appointed conductor, Mr. F. Langdon, of Worcester Cathedral. An orchestra of wind and stringed instruments has been organized, and from the progress already made, will in a short time, we doubt not, be enabled to interpret the music of our best composers with a true appreciation, and not merely in a 'mechanical' style. This leads us to make a few observations based on information obtained from *Chambers's Papers for the People*, respecting the cultivation of popular music. The charms of good music are many, and the admiration of the concord of sweet sounds all but universal. A taste for, and a capacity to enjoy superior music, is far more common than the amount of science necessary to provide gratification for such a taste. One of the greatest difficulties to be encountered in bringing together a number of scattered singers and players, and forming them into one harmonious body is a *want of the right temper*. We here only mean to say that vocalists and instrumentalists are not free from the frailties of common humanity. The well-known fact that discords (in the social sense) often occur in musical societies is easily explained. Music is not an exact science. It involves varieties of tastes and opinions; and as many minds must unite together to produce good orchestral and choral music, it is evident that the sacrifice of individual taste or predilection must in many cases be required to ensure success. The individual spirit has ample room or play in the common business of life; self assertion and even ambition have uses in the work necessary to 'get on in the world'; but when a number of persons unite to seek relief from cares, or to cheer the gloom of our winter evenings by the practice of harmony, they must lay aside their personal and private tastes; indeed they must lay aside *themselves* and be content to pass for nothing more than merely so many singers or players of the parts they take upon themselves to perform. The want of this submissive and harmonious temper sadly interrupts the progress of social harmony, and produces many ridiculous but vexatious disputes. In an amateur choral and instrumental society, all the members should be united like the various pipes of an organ—as so many parts of one whole. Individualities of taste and temper should be carefully suppressed, while the object to be kept in view should be to make the nearest possible approach to that 'undisturbed song of pure consent' of which Milton speaks so sublimely in his lines on 'Solemn Music.' No singer or player should regard himself usefully qualified as a member of a choral society until, by due study of the elementary principles of music (which should be learnt at home) he has gained a clear understanding of, at least, the true position and the use of his own voice or the capacities of the instrument he plays. \* \* \* \*"

"With so many diversities of taste, the selection of candidates in the formation

of a choir becomes somewhat important. It will be found that there are two classes of amateurs so extremely opposite in their purposes, that all attempts to unite them would only be labour in vain. The former class consists of persons who love to find a meaning in sound; or, to use their own style of language, who love 'the soul' that breathes through music, while they regard all the voices and instruments, and all degrees of expertness in execution as simply the means employed for the interpretation of a great composer's written language. The second class consists of persons whom we style 'mechanical.' They never trouble themselves about any such mystical words as 'soul,' 'thought,' 'idea,' or 'interpretation' as connected with music; but their thoughts and talk are of quavers and semi-quavers of 'splendid passages for the violins,' a 'pretty flute solo,' a 'nice running passage in the bass'; or exclamations respecting the executional work a piece of music for the organ or pianoforte contains; and there their appreciation of music ends. They forget that violins, pianofortes, &c., are simply 'instruments' or 'means,' and play music, regardless of its proper meaning and expression, seeming to believe that the object of a composer is to afford opportunities of display to the performers on 'string,' 'wood,' and 'brass' instruments. Music is naturally the utterance of the highest enthusiasm, and should be performed with proper expression and feeling. The music of songs should be so rendered as to give a perfect interpretation of poetry, and the poet and minstrel should be united as one person. The cause of the production of inferior music lies not in our musical instruments, but in the insincere and almost meaningless style in which some employ them. Music, to be good and powerful in its effects must be reverentially treated. \* \* \* \*

"Every society should endeavour to produce some good results *from its own resources*. There is a pleasure in making real progress which cannot be bought, and cannot be found in a false show. With such an excellent start and under the able and energetic conductorship of Mr. F. Langdon, not forgetting the industrious and painstaking endeavours of the secretary, Mr. C. Jones, and the business-like management of the committee, the Malvern Choral Society cannot fail to produce good and satisfactory results long before the coming season of winter entertainment is over."

The article above quoted drew from Mr. Langdon a communication, which is also worth reprinting, mainly for its observations on the practice of instrumental music:—

"Sir,—Many thanks for your kind article in last week's *Beacon* on the Malvern Choral Society. One is naturally very pleased to find his opinions shared by those who have so much influence on society as the Press. I certainly think that you could not better use the space at your disposal occasionally, than in advocating the dissemination of good musical knowledge in your district. The experiment—for but experiment as yet it is—that I am trying to work out, is a very important one.

"As a rule, there is a good deal done for choral classes, but little for instrumental; for a long time I have considered the thing, but have never yet had so good an opportunity of going into the subject. On being applied to, to assist the class at Malvern, I resolved to invite as many instruments as possible to begin with the voices. Difficulties of course will crop up, but if treated with common sense, they generally end in vapour; the first was, in the selection of instruments; for brass instruments being perhaps more studied than string, the danger was, that unless we restricted the number of these, the music would become but a mere brass band—not the article to accompany voices exactly. Again there is a great difficulty with amateurs in getting their instruments in *tune and keeping them so*. Then there is the difficulty of arranging music for the instruments in such a form, that there is hope a little practice—which is of course all that amateurs can give to the study—will enable them to execute. But as I never begrudge trouble while I find my classes are anxious to improve, our troubles and difficulties are gradually disappearing, and on the last evening I was truly delighted towards the close of the practice with the very agreeable manner in which thoroughly classical music by two of the world's greatest composers was performed by your townsmen. There was first a choir of beautiful pure voices, male and female, singing, without vulgarity, and appreciating the words. Then there was a full chord of stringed instruments, and also one of brass, so judiciously modulated by the amateurs as not to prove offensively loud, even in the small Littleton Room. I should like to resume this subject if you could grant me space. Your advice is so sensible and so requisite, that, to musical aspirants, it should be treasured up in their memories, and deserves to be printed in letters of gold, rather than in printer's ink. Again thanking you for the kind *lift* given us, I remain Sir, yours respectfully,

"Worcester, Sept. 6, 1869.

F. LANGDON."

ROTTERDAM.—The German operatic company opened the season with *Der Freischütz*.

BRESLAU.—A third theatre will be opened on the 1st October. The manager is Herr Kruse.

ELBERFELD.—Herr Langert, the composer of the opera, *Die Fabier*, has been appointed conductor at the Stadtheater.

GOTTINGEN.—Professor Otto Jahn, the author of the well-known *Life of Mozart*, died here on the night of the 8th inst. He was stopping at the time on a visit to some relations.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has projected a new series of pianoforte recitals in the provinces. On Monday (under the auspices of the active and intelligent professor, Mr. W. Haynes) she gives a recital at the Concert-room Great Malvern.

M. Handel Gear has returned to town.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have returned from Scotland.

Madame Anna Bishop has arrived at New York from Europe.

Madame Berger-Lascelles and Mr. Francesco Berger have returned to town.

Mdles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria have returned to London from Wales.

Mr. Cusins, the Conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has returned from Stuttgart.

A Choral Harvest Festival has been held for the first time in the North Camp Church at Aldershot.

Sacred music is now performed by the Town Band upon the old pier at Brighton, on Sunday afternoons.

The band for the Italian Opera at Cairo will number 60 performers, the chorus 66, and the *corps de ballet* 60.

The Prince of Wales has given a prize of £5 for bagpipe playing, to be competed for at an annual Highland gathering.

At Milan the sum of 5000 francs has been provided in order to place a statue of Rossini in the interior of La Scala.

The Monday Popular Concerts are to recommence on the 8th of November, with Madame Norman-Neruda to lead the quartets.

The civic authorities of Bologna have decided to place a bust of Rossini in their pantheon of illustrious men in the city cemetery.

M. Padeloup has given two performances of M. David's "symphonic ode," *Le Desert*, at the Lyrique. The revival proved attractive.

M. David's *Christophe Colomb* has been lately performed with great success at Baden-Baden, David's star is in the ascendant.

Verdi has undertaken to compose an *opera buffa* for the Comique. We shall be curious to know the result.

M. Arban and his cornet-à-pistons are astonishing all those visitors to Baden-Baden who affect M. Arban and the cornet-à-pistons.

Rossini's (suppositious) MS. opera, *Giovanna d'Arco*, is (according to *La Fama*) about to be produced at Bologna. It must first be proved to exist. Rossini is known to have written a *scena* so entitled:—*voilà tout*.

Madame Monbelli has been singing in the *Sonnambula*, both at Wiesbaden and at Baden-Baden, with great success. A new and charming *Amina* is proclaimed by the critics in those regions.

Henri Littloff, pianist and composer, proposes to give a series of Sunday orchestral concerts in Paris this winter. Good news for M. Padeloup.

There is a talk of establishing an English theatre in Paris, for the express purpose of giving the plays of Shakspeare. Paris will then be better off than London.

A society recently established, called the Welsh Literary and Musical Society, has arranged for an Eisteddfod to be held at Bristol during the coming winter.

The opera, *Pierre de Medicis*, by Prince Poniatowski, is to be performed at La Scala, Milan, on "Boxing-night," with Madame Maria Sass in the chief character.

The Eisteddfod concerts at Holywell were so well supported, that the committee have been enabled to present one hundred pounds to the funds of the National Eisteddfod.

Miss Julia Mathews, now so well known as the "English Schneider," is, we understand, engaged by Mr. A. Harris, of Covent Garden, to appear in his next Christmas pantomime.

The programme of the "Established Church Institution" just established at Birmingham includes the cultivation of Church music, to be effected by means of classes and lectures.

Among other improvements shortly to be effected in the Parish Church of Yarmouth, are the removal of the organ to the north transept, and the vesting of the choir in surplices.

The Carlotta Patti troupe, engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch for the United States, and now, in company with that *entrepreneur*, on their way to New York, includes among others, M. Theodore Ritter, M. Bédet (the French pianist), and M. Jean Prume (violinist).

There is no truth whatever in the rumour that Mad. Adelina Caux-Patti had lost her voice, and that the Homburg Operatic performances had ceased in consequence. They have ceased because the season is over.

Mdlle. Pauline Lucca is at Baden-Baden, studying the parts of Mignon, Juliette, and Angèle (*Le Domino Noir*), with Madame Viardot-Garcia. These are the new characters which Mdlle. Lucca has undertaken to play during the approaching winter season at Berlin.

Madame Monbelli's professor at Paris was Madame Eugénie Garcia. Auber intended the principal part in his *Premier Jour de Bonheur* expressly for her; but an injunction from a certain quarter made it illegal for Mdlle. Monbelli to appear on the stage in France.

The band of the 30th Regiment, just returned from Canada, have been giving a series of instrumental and choral performances at Tramore and Waterford. Dr. White's solo and choral piece, "Prince Patrick's Welcome," has been received with much favour.

The authorities of Eton are preparing to give every facility for the musical education of the boys. A house is to be built for the Rev. Dr. Hayne, organist and succentor, including a music-hall for choral practice. In the College Chapel a gallery is being erected for the new organ.

M. Théophile Semet's new opera, *La Petite Fadette*, recently produced at the Opéra-Comique, is reported as a *succès d'estime*. The libretto is founded upon a well-known romance by Mme. Sand, who was aided, in recasting it for the lyric stage, by the indefatigable M. Michel Carré.

On arriving in London (we learn from *Le Ménestrel*) Mdlle. Nilsson found, awaiting her, a royal bracelet from the Queen of England, in return for Mdlle. Nilsson's visit to Windsor Castle. This (we learn from the same source) is the 101st gift bracelet the Swedish songstress has received.

Richard Wagner has claimed admission (on the strength of *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*) to the French Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers. He selected Auber as his proposer, and (on the strength of Wagner's former civilities in his *Oper und Drama*) the illustrious French musician joyously acquiesced.

Mdlle. Désirée Artôt was married last week to Signor Padilla y Ramos, a baritone of repute in Spain, who sang with success at Warsaw and Moscow when Mdlle. Artôt was *prima donna assoluta*. The ceremony took place in the little church at Sèvres (France). A large number of operatic artists was present.

The correspondent of a contemporary ascribes the smallness of the audience at the performance of Mr. Pierson's *Hezekiah* at Norwich to the counter attractions of Lowestoft Races and partridge shooting. As a commentary, it is worthy notice that neither birds nor horses affected the attendance on the other days of the Festival.—*Choir*.

Mr. Wilford Morgan who has been starring in the provinces with the *Grand Duchess* company and has sustained the part of Fritz upwards of 350 times with great success, has been engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris, for the tenor part in Adolph Adam's comic opera, *Le Chalet*, which is to be produced at Christmas, at Covent Garden Theatre.

Miss Edith Wynne created quite a *furor* in Mr. Brinley Richards' new national song, "The Cambrian Plume," at the Holywell Eisteddfod. The *Carnarvon Herald* writes:—"Miss Edith Wynne took the solo parts, the Eisteddfod Choir supplying the chorus; the effect was magnificent and so loudly was the piece encored that the final verse had to be repeated."

Further inquiries instituted by the Society of Arts as to musical pitch show that in Denmark, Leipzig, and Wurtemberg, there is no standard pitch; in Bavaria the French pitch is adopted by Government authority; while in Saxony, Austria, Baden, Berlin, and Cologne the French standard is being gradually introduced, although its use is not compulsory.

Messrs. Novello have purchased from the representatives of the Bach Society the right of printing, in octavo form, the adaptation of the *Matthaus Passions-Musik*, edited by Professor Sterndale Bennett. The production of this sublime music will, it is said, be among the attractions of Mr. Joseph Barnby's next series of Oratorio Concerts (with the "Normal Diapason"). This is good news, and, we believe, true.

Professor Faber's speaking-machine is to be exhibited at Hamburg during the International Horticultural Exhibition. It is said to articulate words and answer questions with wonderful distinctness. This is not the first invention of the kind. Wolfgang von Kempelen, inventor of a chess automaton, who was born at Presburg in 1734, and died at Vienna, 1804, constructed a machine of the kind and wrote on the subject.



The *Moniteur de L'Orphéon* reports a festival at Avenay, on the 22nd ult., at which twenty societies were present, numbering 600 choristers and instrumentalists. A gold medal, presented by the Emperor, was won by one of the bands belonging to the city, that given by the Empress was awarded to the Philharmonic Society of Ay, and the Prince Imperial's medal fell to a society from Tours-sur-Marne.

As a person styled the "Rev." F. G. Hooper, M.A., has been attempting to write down the theory that the musical recitation of the prayers is intended by the rubrics to be the rule in all churches where there is no physical disqualification on the part of the clergy, it may be as well to state that no such name occurs in the *Clergy List*, and that it is more than doubtful whether the degree was ever obtained from an English University.—*Choir.*

The Gloucester Society of Change Ringers visited Worcester on Tuesday week, and rung some touches of grandsire triples on the bells of St. Helen's and All Saints. They were then joined by the Worcester Society, who invited them to the Golden Lion, where a "spread" was provided by the hostess. Mr. John Meaton occupied the chair. The usual toasts were drunk, some ringing was performed upon the hand-bells, and an agreeable evening spent.

While the managers of the Liverpool Congress have omitted Church music from their programme, at the Church Conference to be held at Hull during the ensuing month, "musical services and congregational singing" will form a prominent feature for discussion. They are included, among other important questions, under the head of "The adaptation of our Church services and arrangements to the wants of the day."—*Choir.*

The street being opened from the new Opéra to the Théâtre Français and Louvre, will soon sweep over the house where Corneille lived. A slab of black marble on the *façade* attests that he died there in 1684. A low gateway leads into a courtyard where a bust of the poet, crowned with laurels, stands in a niche, around which creeping plants fall in festoons. Below is an inscription to the effect that the house belonged to Pierre Corneille, and above are the words, *Le Cid*.

On Sunday fortnight a touching ceremony took place at St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane—namely, the funeral of one of the choir boys, drowned on the previous Monday while bathing. Directly after service the bell began tolling, and the body was brought to the church, choir and clergy meeting it at the door, and walking before it up the aisle to the chancel, singing, "Jesus lives, no longer now." The church was filled by a crowd of the lower class; numbers of women and girls being without bonnets or shawls, and boys and men in shirt-sleeves.

At the anniversary service of the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, held in All Saints, Lambeth, on Tuesday week, the choral services were rendered by a choir "*cum regimine chori*," the rulers habited in surplices and tippets, and bearing the staves of office. The processional was "Brightly gleams our Banner," and before taking places the choir sang the "Miserere," kneeling. In point of ritual the proceedings were elaborate, and the vestments of some who took part in the procession were such as are seldom seen in an English Church.—*Choir.*

A second fire in the Strand, near several theatres, has alarmed the play-going public. The entrances to many of our theatres are flanked by spirit-shops or equally dangerous places. What would become of an audience if one of these took fire? The theatre might be saved, but the people would have to struggle into the street through fire and smoke. Every theatre should stand alone. As most are built at present, the lives of spectators are in peril as long as the play lasts. This is a matter of more importance than the length of ballet-skirts, and not unworthy the notice of the Lord Chamberlain or the Board of Works.

Dr. Spark, organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, and brother of Mr. Spark, of Worcester (organist and choir-master of Trinity Church), gave a performance on the large, but not yet completed, organ at Trinity Church, on the third day of the recent Worcester Festival. The programme comprised:—1. Extemporaneous; 2. Andante and Allegro, Silas; 3. Communion in E flat, Batiste; 4. Prelude and Grand Fugue in D minor, J. S. Bach; 5. Theme, "Sun of my Soul," varied extemporaneously, W. Spark; 6. Postlude in C major, from *The Organists' Quarterly Journal*, Henry Smart; 7. "God Save the Queen" (varied), Wesley.

At the recent marriage of the youngest daughter of Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester to Mr. S. W. Stephens, nephew of the Lord Chancellor, the service was rendered chorally. The first part was performed, as directed by the rubric, on the chancel steps. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the Holy Communion was administered. Schumann's march was played on the arrival of the bridal party. The anthem was "Rejoice in the Lord," by Sullivan. The organist of the Cathedral (Mr. E. H. Thorne) performed, as voluntary, the *Marche*

*Triumphale*, by Lemmens; the "Sanctus" and "Gloria" were by E. H. Thorne; and at the close of service Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played. In the evening there was an open air fête in the grounds of the deanery; a concert by the lay clerks and choristers, under Mr. Thorne's directions; and performances of the band of the 15th King's Own Hussars.—*Choir.*

A certain English actress, who values herself quite as highly as others do, was lately telegraphed by an American manager in the West to know her terms for playing *Miranda*, in the *Tempest*, at the Twenty-third-street Operahouse. She replied,—"One thousand dollars a week, third of the house clear once a week, one thousand dollars to break an engagement in St. Louis, and railroad expenses for three people from New Orleans." The manager retorted,—"Madam, your terms are much too low. You shall have all that comes in the house; Mr. Fisk will present you with the operahouse and 200 miles of the Erie Railway, besides what personal property he has accumulated in a life of toil and self-denial; also all that he may make for the next five years which, if we may judge by the past, will be no inconsiderable amount. If these terms should not meet with your approbation, it may be possible to make Gould give up what little he has, that the light of your refulgent genius may not be lost to the stage."

Considerable excitement has been caused by the disfigurement of one of the marble groups of statues, representing *La Danse*, recently put up outside of the new Operahouse. Many have found great fault with this group of figures, but none have a right to injure the public statues and monuments. In this instance, some evil-disposed person has shown a marked dislike to the group in question by daubing with ink that part of the human frame on which most people are in the habit of sitting. Luckily, there is an article of the French Code which applies to this act, and the culprit, if discovered, may be fined 500fr., and imprisoned for two years. Chemists will be consulted in order to discover the composition of the liquid made use of, in order to remove, if possible, all stain from the white marble. The enquiry conducted by M. Bellanger, Commissary of Police, has as yet been unproductive of any clue. All that is known is that a bottle of ink was thrown at the statue between two and four o'clock in the morning from behind the palisading.

In its notice of the Promenade Concerts which commenced at Cork at the beginning of the present month, the *Cork Examiner* speaks thus of Madame Florence Lancia, the *prima donna* for the occasion:—

"Madame Lancia received the welcome of an established favourite. It was no little satisfaction to a Cork audience to find, after the lapse of years, their original verdict justified. In 'Una voce poco fa,' the native grace and rounded sweetness of her soprano, aided by fine artistic execution, were very delightful, and merited a hearty *encore*. Possibly the gem of the concerted pieces was 'Crudel perchè,' sung by Madame Lancia and Mr. O'Mahony. The gentleman's bass displayed a remarkable affinity to the lady's charming soprano, and the piece was admirably sung, its beauties being well brought out, without the least strain after effect. It is needless to say the duet drew forth marked applause. Madame Lancia was again worthy of herself in 'Birds of Night,' composed, by the way, by a Corkman (Sullivan). In response to an enthusiastic *encore* she gave 'Il Baccio,' with her normal brilliancy and power."

In the last number of the *Church News*, we find a letter, alluding in terms of contempt, to the ordinary full choral service. If, says the correspondent, Churchmen are "content with what some people call a 'Cathedral Service,' they will find that sort of thing at Scarborough; but if they desire to meet with a 'Catholic Service,' they should go to Coatham." The polite letter-writer then proceeds to intimate that at the latter place the "priests and choir believe in their hearts what they there sing with their lips, and practise in their lives what they so believe," implying—although he has not the audacity openly to say so—that these desirable qualifications are wanting, where there is "what some people call a Cathedral Service." No words can be too strong to condemn such language; and it seems to us that the editors of journals professedly devoted to the interests of the Church, incur a grave responsibility in giving currency to opinions as unjust and untruthful as they are essentially signs of the weakness of the mind from which they emanate.—*Choir.*

The clock of St. Paul's has fallen into irregular habits. On the 30th ult., although the hands pointed correctly, the striking department was at fault. Sometimes it chimed when it ought to have been silent, and sometimes preserved silence when it ought to have chimed. At midday it struck thirteen. At a few minutes to two it struck one, while at the hour there was another stroke, making up the two it ought to have struck before. After a few minutes it again struck two. On the Wednesday it lost all self-control. At three minutes to eight, nine, ten, and eleven, a.m., it struck three, and at the various hours made up the deficit. After eleven it remained in retirement for the day. If not prepared to strike properly it had better not strike at all. Its attempts to cook accounts by striking up deficits are not only confusing but painful. It doubtless means well, but it is not an ordinary clock. More before

the public than its fellows, if suffering internally, it had better wait till the Cathedral authorities can administer relief, than parade its ailments to an un pitying world. It has some strange sympathy with the sentinels at Windsor Castle. Some years ago it saved a soldier from punishment by striking thirteen. The other day a sentinel was tried by court-martial for deserting his post at Windsor Castle, and again the clock struck wildly.

A writer in the *St. James's Magazine*, describing a camp-meeting of Welsh Methodists at a seaside village, says:—

"Presently there is a hum of expectation in the vast crowd, and every eye is fixed upon the figure of a tall preacher who was to give out the first hymn. It was in Welsh, of course, and given out verse by verse. Then from out the circle of singers came the first murmurous sounds of the air, 'The Austrian National Hymn.' From mouth to mouth it ran, till from that vast crowd burst out a rush of melody. Ah! but it was magnificent! Welshmen have a natural taste for music, and as the hymn went on, the sound was as that of a vast ocean rolling on in its might. No need of an organ here—the thunder of the waves came ever and anon to help the melody. I felt my eyes glisten with emotion, I bared my head reverently. Nothing to compare with this had I ever heard, except the Charity Children singing the Old Hundredth, with their sweet youthful voices."

As a specimen of Sans Francisco dramatic criticism we give the following from the *San Francisco News Letter* of August 14th:—

"Next week 'Lotta' commences an engagement, appearing as Little Nell and the Marchioness—her most admired rôles. This young actress and danseuse belongs to that class who have always been successful everywhere, but nowhere more so than in San Francisco. Lotta is *petite* and very pretty, an impersonation of grace, and—when she sees fit to evince them—abounding in those sweet and winning ways, which (for instance) constituted Kingsbury's only merit, and sufficed with her to draw many weeks of crowded houses. For Kingsbury was no more of an actress than this pen-holder—or any other stick; but she had a manner which was monstrous winning; and would seat herself upon M'Cullough's knee, and pet that 'ingenuous' (as Sam says in the *Bulletin*) person in a way to make the spectator's hair curl. Moreover, she could not dance, and Lotta can; and furthermore, Lotta used to possess (we are justified in presuming that she still has it 'about her clothes') one of the very prettiest legs that ever bounded in a *pirouette*; and she can act cleanly. Therefore we imagine that a profitable engagement opens before the young danseuse."

In its concluding remarks on the Worcester Festival, the *Worcester Herald* says:—

"Altogether the collections now exceed £1,000. At the Gloucester meeting of 1868, the collections for the charity amounted to £639 7s. 5d.; at the Hereford Meeting in 1867, the sum reached was £1,387 5s.; and at the Worcester Festival in 1866, the Charity benefitted to the extent of £1,215 17s. 10d. We may yet hear of additions to the collections for this year, but under any now probable circumstances this item in the details of our Festival has a humiliating appearance; the more so because it is so very difficult to account for the falling off. We will not conceal the fact that complaints have reached us of the price charged for tickets of admission to the Cathedral, and we know further that many persons declared they could not or would not contribute to the Charity while so heavily taxed in regard to the tickets. But that will not account for the heavy falling off recorded in these columns. We cannot expect to find everybody satisfied; some people cannot live without murmuring, but they are exceptional individuals who do not make up the masses necessary to support large undertakings similar to these. We fear, therefore, that the loss to the Charity has been increased in another way,—by the laxity of those whose special duty it is to keep the primary object of the Festivals before the public and enforce its claims."

"Mr. Fechter and Miss Carlotta Leclercq at the Margate Theatre may,"—says the *Athenæum*—"remind very old folks of bright playgoing days there, when Miss Duncan (Mrs. Davison) acted high comedy and the violin in the orchestra was played by the young Frederic M. A. Venua, who was afterwards leader of the ballet music at the King's Theatre, and who survives in well-earned retirement in Devonshire. A century ago the Margate Theatre was a barn in the Dean. Barton, hostler of the 'Ship' at Faversham, was sometimes *lessee*; and in the last quarter of last century the house was over stables behind the Fountain, and the managers were a tailor and a currier. The company used to 'parade,' that is, exhibit themselves before the play in all their finery, on a platform in front of the building. In 1787 a real theatre was built, and opened under a royal patent with Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. From that time the drama at Margate became 'genteel,' and the new performers continue a tradition which is now above four-score years old. It was in this house that Miss Duncan acted, and that the violin was played by Frederic Venua, the future composer of the pretty music for the ballet of *Flore et Zéphyre* and other popular pieces."—[The *Athenæum* might have added that for the same theatre our English composer, Henry Rowley Bishop, wrote his first ballad; and that this ballad was sung by Miss Duncan.—Ed.]

A REBELLIOUS BAND.—A few evenings ago, the audience at the Walhalla, Berlin, witnessed a little comedy-drama, with a touch of the farce in it, not included in the official programme. The musicians had applied for an augmentation of salary, but their conductor, who was himself exceedingly well paid, had opposed their demand, which the proprietors of the establishment had felt inclined to grant. On the evening to which we allude, the conductor took his place as usual, and gave the signal for the band to strike up. Not a man moved. The conductor was rather taken aback, but, recovering his composure, again gave the signal. Again did the band sit motionless. Not a sound issued from fiddle or French-horn, from kettle-drum or triangle. At length, the first violin rose from his place, and, addressing the dismayed conductor, said,—“Sir, in the name of the entire band, I beg to inform you that we will never play again under your direction.” What could the conductor do! Skedaddle, and he did so. The first violin then stepped into the vacant chair, and gave the signal, and the band struck up like one, playing—of course—with more than ordinary dash and precision.

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